

3^d Free Thinkers.

A *Eng. Poetical H.*

P O E M

I N

D I A L O G U E.

*As Atheism is in all Respects hate-
full, so in this, that it depriveth
Human Nature of the means to
exalt it self above Human Frailty.
Sir Fra. Bacon's Essay XVI. of
Atheism.*

L O N D O N,

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FREE-THINKERS.

*A Dialogue at a Tavern,
Between Jack, Tom, and Sir Plyant.*

Jack, **F**riend! if I'm late, excuse the fail-
ing,

And think, that *Reasons* much *prevailing*,

Have kept me, for an hour, or better

(Since I receiv'd your tempting Letter)

From this dear Scene, of *Joy*, and *Drinking*,

And ev'ry Licence of Free-thinking.

But, tell me, who's this rustick Fellow (sees *Plyant*)

That looks as Spleenatick, and yellow,

As if his Rev'rend Parson aw'd him,

And with Ten Precepts weekly claw'd him?

A 2

Is

Is he ! of Parts, or Person, proper
 With Men like us ! to share a Supper,
 To hear all *Beings*, prov'd *Mechanick*,
 And *Nature*, rescu'd from the * *Panick* ?

Tom. Be easy, *Jack*, and you, this Bumpkin
 Shall quickly find, is good for something,
 Who may be moulded to our wishes,
 By Wine, and Wit, and fav'ry Dishes ;
 And, if he's *Plyant*, as his Name is,
 Well worth the chase, you'll find the Game is.
 In Youth, Pedantick Tutors, bred him,
 And with half *Notions*, crudely fed him,
 The Town, as he'll inform you, fully,
 Next, turn'd him to a Rake, and Bully ;
 The Country, since, has been his Station,
 Where he's a *Patriot* out of Fashion ;

* *Religious awe, so miscall'd by the Free-thinkers.*

Stickles for *Monarchy*, and *Orders*,
With all, that on Religion borders,
On which, so shrewdly he Discourses,
He Mawls sometimes, our *new rais'd Forces;
But we're uncivil---- here's your Health Sir,
A whisper, now and then by stealth, Sir,
'Tis hop'd you'll pardon, we *free-thinkers*
Are unconfin'd, and lawless Drinkers,
And whatsoever suits, or pleases,
Or for our Profit, or our Ease is,
We never baulk it, nor ill breeding
Is now esteem'd, this Frank proceeding,

Plyant. I thank you, Sir, for this Instruction,
Which did not need an Introduction,
For all, that I shall see you practise
I will conclude, still, most exact is;

* *Their Modern Arguments.*

I, formerly, with Wits, and Roarers,
 With Bully-Rocks, and bilking Scorers,
 Was us'd to Herd, and call'd a Ranter,
 And in the Pit, cou'd Vizars banter,
 But since, reflecting on that Folly,
 I can no more be loud, and jolly ;
 But for the time to come, shall spend it
 Like one, that knows, he soon must end it ;
 Yet, real Wit, that's Chast, and Sober,
 Heighten'd a little with *October*,
 Whether express'd, in Words, or Writing,
 Will to my Death-Bed be delighting.

Tom. Champagne, will surely raise it faster,
 Believe me, who have been your *Taster*,
 A Flask of this, for your half Guinea,
 Will stir up all, that's bright within ye,

Sup-

Support you, when enclin'd to Sinking,
And teach you Pleasure! and *Frè-thinking*

Ply. Why Sir, my thoughts were never bounded
But still, have all the Globe furrounded,
Recall'd the past, and reach'd the future,
Unhelp'd by such a costly Tutor;
But this *Frè-thinking*, pray what is it?
If Wit, methinks I would not miss it,
Or see again, my Native Mansion,
Unlearn'd, in any new Invention;
And sure, a Cant, will bear rehearsal,
Which is become so universal,
That even the Drawer, (to my admiring
Answer'd me, when for you inquiring,
You wou'd be here, I need not doubt you
Frè-thinkers, cou'd not live without you

That Table's his, quoth he, depend on't,
 He always sits at th' upper end on't,
 And talks such wonders, to the Youngsters,
 They know not if they're Men, or Monsters,
 But yet, of this, (so clear 'tis stated)
 They're sure, they never were Created,
 But first sprung up, they know not where,
 Or when, nor how. 'Twill make you stare
 To hear him, (whilst they do adore him)
 Make Fools of all, that went before him.
 A Dam'sel, next, both Young, and Pretty,
 'd, welcome Land-Lord to this City;
 She clapp'd me roundly on the Shoulder,
 My Army Trull, was ever bolder;
 When I ask'd her, who had taught her
 In Impudence, and hither brought her,
 She answer'd (mincing in her manners)
 Thinkers, Sir! I thank their Honours;
 Which

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 And you
 Has spre

Tom. V
 And Boy
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Ply. B

Tom.
 Methinks

Ply. V

Which makes me find, you've condescended
 By every Rank, to be attended,
 And your new Doctrine (Grave, or Frolick,)
 Has spread, as if 'twere Apostolick.

Tom. We have indeed, the World enlighten'd,
 And Boys, and Girls, are not so frighten'd
 With Good, and Evil, (taught at random
 In Nurseries, by Palsied Grand-am)
 As heretofore, were Men, and Matrons;
Free-thinking, Sir, has mighty Patrons.

Ply. But may an honest Man relie on't?

Tom. *Jack*, Here's a Health to *Lady Plyant*;
 Methinks, she seldom comes to Town, Sir.

Ply. Why, 'tis so hard, to get her down, Sir.
B But,

But, this *free-thinking*, pray explain it?
 For, if a Man should over strain it,
 What seems at first, but Whim, and Notion,
 May, Clash with Honour, and Devotion;
 With *Magna Charta*, or Superiors,
 And make us think, there's no Inferiors,
 But all were born upon the Level,
 And equally should sway, and Revel.

Jack. Intolerable ! Can you like him ?

Tom. He'll soon be Drunk, and then
 we'll strike him,
 Unfold our latitude Opinions,
 And add him, to our large Dominions.

Jack. A mighty Triumph ! As you
 will Sir,

Tom.

Tom. But all this while, your Glafs stands
ftill Sir.

Ply. Give me a Toast.——

Tom. ---- Your Son, your **Second**,
He a **Free-thinker** has been reckon'd,
A Man of wond'rous Senfe, and Mettal,
Fit to unhinge, and then refettle,
To lofe the Bands, which Education
Impofes, on a free born Nation;
To fhew, how Life fhould flide along,
Unheeding what's to come, or gone ;
How felf ! we always fhould confider,
And follow ftill the faireft Bidder.
Snatch in the nick, the Good that's certain,
Nor mind, what's hid behind the Curtain.

Ply. Why, if you mean young *Richard Plyant*, And w
 He shall scale Heaven with any Gyant, The P
 Who of *Lycurgus* talks, and *Solon*,
 And is old Dog, at *Hobbs* and *Toland* ; Tom
 Knows all Republican Defences, I ne'e
 And Raves on *Cato Uticensis*, Why
 With t'other of that Name, and *Brutus* Sir D
 He daily labours to confute us ; Leave
 When *Adam* dug, and *Eve* set Onions, But r
 He says, that all Men were Companions ; In L
 That *kings* were made but for the *People*, And
 As for the Church was made the Steeple ; Enco
 Which, tho' it highest stands, and fair is, And
 To make them meet, its only Care is ; With
 And, whilst that Noise, and Pomp possesses, And
 The People 'tis, must lay the *Cesses* ; The
 That 'tis, but as the People bawl, And
 Unto whose share, the Ropes should fall ;
 And

ant, And when it sinks, by Age, or Weather,
The People, must erect another.

Tom. Perfect Allusion ! strong, and valid ;
I ne'er heard Argument so solid,
Why here's a Lad, all Flame and Spirit,
Sir Disinherit ! Disinherit !
Leave not the Eldest born, an Acre,
But raise this generous Undertaker ;
In *London* let him still be gallant,
And much with us, to mend his Talent ;
Encourag'd by our daring Papers,
And growling, talk of Spleen, and Vapors,
With Equipage, and Gold enough,
And let him be interr'd in Snuff ;
The *Smyrna* for his House be noted,
And he, for early News, be quoted,
Which,

nd

Which, if contested, let a Wager
Profusely big, confute th' Engager.

Ply. How *Dick!* have all, has *Giles* offended?

Tom. No, but your Race will thus be mended
Hereditary, is a Jest Sir,
Right's in the *strongest*, and the *Best* Sir,
Let *Dick* ascend, or if the Females,
Do in your Line, outvalue the Males,
There, give the Land, and greatly match 'em.

Ply. No, e'er I do, *Old Nick* shall fetch 'em.
Tho' *Moll* cou'd spend a mighty Fortune,
And for Supplies does still Importune;
Is grown a Writer and a Rattler,
And ev'ry Moment, quotes the Tattler;

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To *Opera's*, she weekly Flutters,
 And midst her talking, Verses sputters ;
 And, when I bid her leave that Tone,
 She sings, *I'll live for you alone.*
 I tell her, that she goes too fine,
 She sings, * *Oh ! Nymph of Race Divine.*
 I chanc'd to tread upon her Toe,
 She fing'ing, scream'd out, *Cupid Oh !*
 Besides, the Charge each time she hears it,
 Wou'd buy a Shift, her Mother swears it.

Jack. She's a *Free-thinker*, I imagine,
 And all that's witty does engage in,
 But her last Fault you'll see amended,
 For *Opera's* will soon be ended,
 Since Ridicule, that's so subduing,
 Has now contriv'd it's total Ruin ;

* Piece taken out of *Camilla*.

And

And though, indeed, it bore the Proof
 Of * Bread and Butter round the Loaf;
 And still kept Ground, before our Plays,
 Though hack'd and hew'd, by Poet † Bays,
 A waggish Title now must blast it,
 And *Punch's Opera* will cast it.

Ply. I am glad 'twill down, but why that
 Tool,
 Is reason, less then Ridicule,

Jack. Oh Sir, by much ! all Mortals fear it,
 And neither Man, nor Brute can bear it,
 When I've but thus my Finger pointed,
 And with screw'd Looks my Face dis-jointed,

* *Mr. Cibber's Epilogue.*

† *Mr. Eastcourt's Opera, intermix'd with the Rehearsal.*

My Dog, I have uneasy seen.

Tom. Jack, you forget, he's a Machine (*Aside*.

Jack. There is a * Tract ! I'll say no more,
But, had they Rally'd heretofore,
We had not been misled, and fetter'd,
Some Days kept plain, and some red Letter'd,
But, in full Liberty, had trod still,

Ply. And Heathen Idols, been ours Gods still ;
Yet, when lewd Wit, *Thersites* wasted,
All that he got, was to be basted,
Nor, wou'd the *Greeks*, have lost *Elysium*,
Shou'd he have held it in Derision,

* Letter of Enthusiasm, against which this Poem is chiefly le-
well'd, and was compos'd (tho' till now neglected to be Publish'd)
immediately upon the coming out of that Pamphlet.

Tho' Brittons, wou'd it seems, have given
For smart Buffooning, all their Heaven.

Jack. They had resign'd to Ridiculing ;

Ply. And wittily been damn'd, for fooling.

Jack. Make that, the Subject of your Laughter,
There's nothing Sir to come hereafter.

Tom. *Free-thinking*, rescues from that Error,
Which keeps you in this constant Terror.

Ply. Why then, what you, *Free-thinking* call,
I find, is not to Think at all ;
And Savages, through want of breeding,
Are what you grow, by dint of reading.

My

My Carter saw my Father buried,
 And as to Earth, his Corps was carried,
 Farewel quoth he, my good old Master,
 You, and your Mare, who dyed last *Easter*,
 Shall now, no more, know joys, or flashes,
 But be, for ever, Dust and Ashes.

Tom. Well said, brave *Hobb* ! is such **Free-
 thinking**

Down, to the dull *Plebean Sinking*,
 And do the Clowns, talk at this rate too?

Ply. Then Fools, were *Socrates*, and *Plato*,
 Though once esteem'd, both, wise and great,
 For tracing out, a Future State.

Tom. The notion, has been new, and witty,
'Tis now a * Ruff ———

Ply. ——— The more's the pity,

Jack. Wou'd you be still, then, so confin'd,
Nor free in Body, nor in Mind ?

Ply. Why Sir, were I all Air, or Fire,
What freedom more cou'd I desire ?
Who'd not with others Rights make bold,
And what's my own, is all Free-hold.

Tom. But, where's the Taste, in such possessing ?
The Pleasure, sure, is in Transgressing,
In doing, what another dare not,
And showing, we, for Statutes care not ;

* Viz. Out of Fashion.

ty, Were I, but stronger than my Neighbours,
 I'd reap the Fruit, of all their Labours,
 A Fellow, that with-held his Wife
 'Cause by the Priest, bestow'd for Life,
 Should instantly be sack'd, and plunder'd,
 'd, And us'd the worst, in all the Hundred ;
 Had I a *Naboth*, on each side me,
 Who had a Field, or Grove, deny'd me,
 In that, my Team, by force shou'd enter,
 And this, shou'd warm my Hearth in Winter ;
 The Church, if to my House 'twas joyn'd,
 Shou'd, with my Orange Trees, be lin'd,
 The Parson, if he still wou'd keep it,
 g? Should trim the Boughs, and dayly sweep it,
 His Surplice, in true Blue being dy'd,
 Shou'd Aprons for the Work provide.

Jack.

Jack. Those Fellows, are indeed a burden, For
And shou'd to Plough, or to the Garden, But,
Who 're always Preaching low Submission,
And clog the Paths, to bold Ambition. Ph

Ply. But, for this vigorous Employment, Are y
This self providing, this Enjoyment,
I can discern no proper Season ;
Unless brought in, by War, and Treason, Occas
And, I have still, been wond'rous loath, Distin
To violate the Allegiance Oath. They
Scorn

Tom. Sir, I am much surpriz'd, at finding,
You think a trivial Oath, so binding, Ply.
Swearing in Taverns, or the Temple, But y
Differ but only in th' Example ; With
One leads the Mob, to soar, and Hector, I shall
T'other, to sneak to some Protector ; With
Fo

For Men of Sense, 'twas ne'er intended,
But, for the Countenance they lend it.

Ply. Yet, in my Thoughts, there one thing
more is,

Are you, *Free-thinkers*, Whiggs, or Tories?

Jack. They steadily, indeed, are neither,
Occasionally, can be either;
Distinction, their large Aim, disgraces;
They're of no Party, but for Places;
Scorning all Ties, Divine or Civil.

Ply. Why this *Free-thinking* is the Devil!
But yet I fear, that whilst I'm trying
With this new Scheme, to be complying,
I shall some Book, be turning over,
With Clasps, and *Turkey-Leather* Cover,
Which

Which I'll not name (aw'd by my Betters)
As 'tis Entitl'd in Gold Letters.

Jack. You'll never stick at those Abuses,
We've put that Book, to such odd Uses,
That it has lost its ancient Credit,
Though few amongst us ever read it.

Ply. Well Gentlemen, I must be trudging,
As far as *Lombard Street's* my Lodging,
Where I have plac'd Five Hundred Pounds,
The Product of my Pasture Ground,
And must make hast, so to dispose it,
That Bankrupts, may not sink, or lose it.

Jack

Jack. Tom: Now's the time! ———

Tom. ——— It is, be silent ;

Aside.

Jack. But, I may beg the Fates to
smile on't.

Tom. You're for the City, Sir too late,
They've long e're this, barr'd ev'ry Gate,
And are each Lane, and Passage guarding,
As safe, as if they fear'd Bombarding :
Let me, this Night, your Prefence borrow ?

Ply. The Money must be had to morrow,
'Twixt Eight, and Nine, it is appointed.

Tom. You are not with their Ways acquainted,
They'll make you wait till Twelve, or one,
Before this Business can be done ;

C

And,

And, you're not well, yet, of your Journey,
 Give me your Letter of Attorney,
 I'll take the Drudgery of staying,
 And when 'tis ready for conveying,
 Dispatch my Man, to give you warning,
 Who may till then, sleep out the Morning ;
 Come, own the Truth, did not my Lady
 Cry, be as careful Dear, as may be,
 And, with her kind, controwling Powers,
 Engage you to observe good Hours ?
 Then, since to night, you have transgress'd,
 You must to morrow, take your rest,
 Here's Pen, and Paper ; -----

Jack. ----- Keep him waking,
 Kind Fortune, and his Hand from shaking.

Ply. There, 'tis perform'd, now I'll to Bed Sir,
Tom.

Tom. You have an able Hand, and Head Sir,
No Secretary e'er was quicker.

Ply. Sir, I do best still in my Liquor.

Jack. Waiter, a Coach! the Knight is winking,
He'll wake, instructed in ~~fré~~-thinking.

Tom. Why, if he thoroughly has learnt it,
The Summ is large, but we have earn'd it.
For he'll so fast his Stock be raising,
Beyond the ways, of Plough and Grazing,
That he'll have Cause to bless the Minute,
And those, who did inform him in it ;
Mean while, towards *Holland* I'll be jogging.

Jack. So you had need for fear of dogging,
Or being with that *Toledo* haunted,
Nay, prethee *Thomas*, be not daunted !

Tom. Not daunted, when you talk of Murder,
What if in this we went no further.

Jack.

Jack. Not any thing, wou'd then, come of it
And the Attempt, without the Profit,
Wou'd wrong the Judgment of *Free-thinkers*

Tom. Great Wits, from Dangers, have been
Shrinkers.

Therefore 'tis fix'd, I'll not pursue it,
Take you the Note, and boldly do it,
Who domineer, 'till shunn'd, and dreaded,
As if a Legion you had headed;
Then sure, you're Valiant at the bottom?

Jack. I'll share the Pounds, when you have
got 'em.

But all *Free-thinkers* in the Nation,
Know, our first Rule's Self-preservation,
For once our Life cut short below,
(Although we seem to brave it so)
You guess Friend *Tom.* where next we go.

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